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## The Hawaiian Islands.\*

### II.

Before starting from Honolulu, which has one of the most beautiful harbors in the world, small though it be, one may observe a number of strange and interesting sights. What first and most impresses one is the large crowd that has gathered on the wharf and that has congregated on the deck of the vessel, where they remain until the moment of her departure. There one may see the most cosmopolitan crowd under the sun. There are Kanakas (the name given to the natives), Americans, Europeans, Chinese, Japanese, Spaniards; people from Mexico, Chili and Peru; Portuguese, South Sea Islanders, and others that constitute as motley a throng as one could hope to see anywhere in the world. At Honolulu, or at any other port in the islands, every time a vessel arrives or departs, the whole populace seems to turn out to welcome or bid farewell to the voyagers. I have seen the king and members of the royal family and the cabinet standing on the wharf, or mingling with the masses on deck, without their presence evoking any surprise or comment. It is such a common thing for them to be seen there with the multitude that it is taken as a matter of course.

But it is not simply the assembled multitudes that attract one's attention. One will notice that everyone, or nearly everyone, is decked with *leis*, or garlands, and festoons of leaves and flowers. This is a custom peculiar, I believe, to the people of these islands. Friends and relatives, coming to say good-bye, throw these *leis* over the heads and around the necks of those about to depart, and I have often seen travellers literally covered with *leis* of the most fragrant flowers and leaves. These *leis* are made from sweet-scented roses, red and white alternating; from the crimson ohia, the

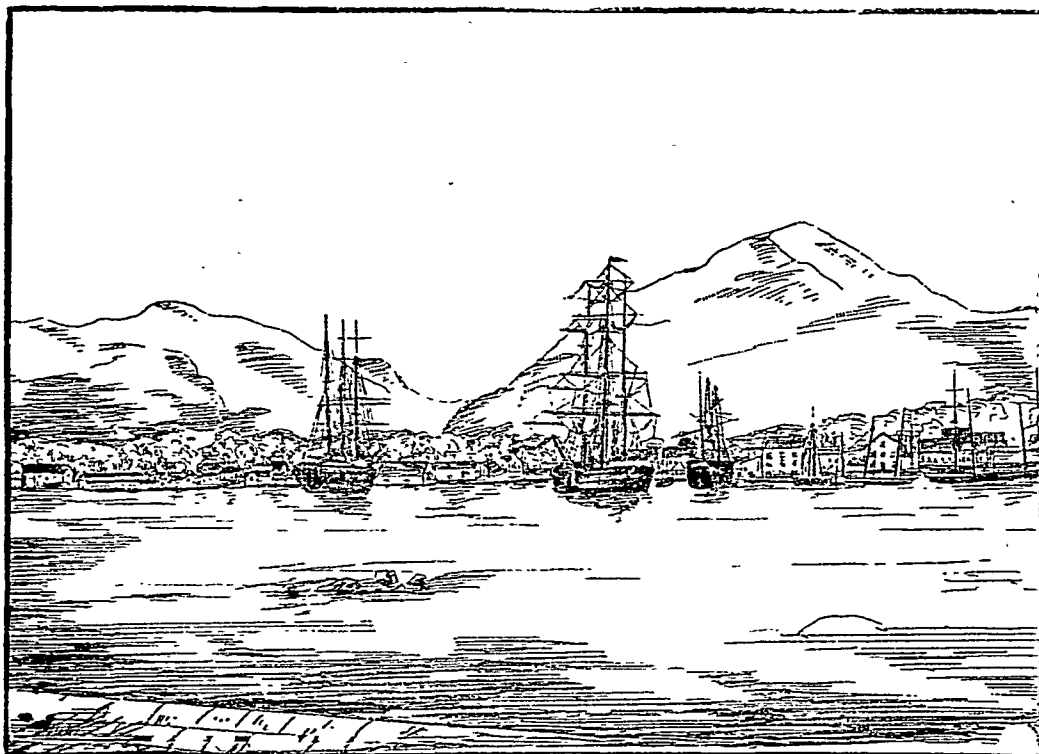
odorous maile, a species of smilax, the flaming hibiscus, the lovely gardenia, the orange pandanus, the yellow amaranth, the great passion flower, and many flowers, equally fragrant and beautiful. The combinations of green ferns and leaves, with red, crimson, purple and yellow flowers show that the natives have an eye for harmony of color that is truly remarkable. Go where you will, and you will find the islanders indulging their taste for wreaths and garlands; but it is when they are about to embark for a voyage—long or short, it matters not—that they use them in the greatest profusion. Then, too, they use necklaces made of the odoriferous seed-pods of the mokihana, which, when dry and hard, retain their perfume permanently. The drupes of the pandanus, or screw-pine, are also employed for the same purpose. Indeed, so fond are the Hawaiians of bright flowers and sweet odors that we can scarcely find them without some of the many perfume-giving flowers or leaves that abound in great variety in every part of the kingdom.

And the Hawaiians are, too, a particularly music-loving people. Those who were in San Francisco two years ago, on the occasion of the visit of the Knight Templars to that city, will remember how everyone was surprised and charmed by the music of the royal Hawaiian band, which had gone to the Pacific Coast for the occasion. So fond are the people here of the music afforded by this organization that they always congregate in crowds whenever it is announced to play. One of the most pleasant recollections of my visit to "the islands" will be the music I heard executed by this same band on the wharf at Honolulu, on the occasion of the departure of one of the larger steamers which frequent that port—I say one of my most pleasant recollections, because whenever I think of the Hawaiian music I always call to mind the charming musical entertainments it was my privilege to be present at in several of the schools of the islands, and notably the Academy of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart, and the College of St. Louis, conducted by the Brothers of Mary, in Honolulu. But these are only instances illustrative of the musical tastes and talent of the natives wherever you find them.

\* Prepared from a series of interesting letters written from the islands to the *Denver (Colo.) News*, last summer, by Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C. A portion of this correspondence appeared in the *Scholastic* of Dec. 11, 1886, to which we refer the reader for a general description of this interesting part of the globe.

They are all a musical and a music-loving people.

But one need not go beyond the deck of an inter-island steamer to find new and strange objects and scenes. The whole trip from the capital to Keala-keakua afforded a most interesting study to me. The "deck passengers"—so called because they remain on the open deck during their entire voyage—first arrested my attention. There were something over a hundred of them, huddled together on the deck towards the prow of the vessel, and a more mixed or picturesque-looking crowd it would be difficult to find anywhere. Almond-eyed Chinese and representatives from various islands of the South Pacific, lying on *tapas*, or mats, surrounded with their stores of provisions for the voyage, and their pet dogs, cats, and birds, were a rare combination of the picturesque and ludicrous. Each Kanaka had his or her calabash of *poi*, and dried fish, and was liberally supplied in most cases with mangoes, bananas, pineapples, melons and other fruits.



HARBOR OF HONOLULU.

Fruits, however, could be gotten at any of the various places we stopped at along the coast, as on the approach of the steamer some of the natives always came out in their little canoes, bringing with them an abundance of eatables for those on board who wished to purchase. Among such eatables were live shrimps, sea-urchins and fish just taken out of the water. The fish that seemed to be most relished was one that resembled a mackerel, called *opelu*. I have seen the natives take these fish while yet alive, and after removing the entrails, and sprinkling a little pepper and salt on what remained, eat it perfectly raw. And this is not a rare thing among them; on the contrary, raw fish, whether fresh or dried, is considered by them a luxury. Should you express any surprise at their peculiar taste, they will tell you that it is no worse to eat raw fish than raw oysters. I have even found many white people residing in the islands who have become accustomed to eating raw fish,

and who declare that it is both wholesome and palatable.

I have spoken of *poi*. But what is it? some of my readers may inquire. Briefly, it is the Hawaiian's staff of life. Without *poi* a Hawaiian would not find life worth living. Give him *poi*, and with it an occasional allowance of raw fish as a dessert, no matter what may happen, he is happy. He will take it three times a day—and oftener if he can get it—and every day in the year, and always with equal if not increased relish. Indeed, to judge from the way the older ones devour it and to observe the epicurean gratification they evidently experience while doing so, one would imagine that their relish for it was intensified, not simply in proportion to the number of times they had partaken of it, but in the ratio of a constantly increasing geometrical progression. This may be a slight exaggeration, but I think it would be difficult to find a Kanaka who would not be disposed to admit

that the statement, just as it stands, has the best of foundation in fact.

*Poi* is made from the root of the *kalo*, or *arum esculentum*. The root, which is about the size and shape of a large beet, is baked in an underground oven, and then pounded in a hollow stone, or board, and mixed with water until it has the consistency of printers' paste. It is next laid aside for a few days and allowed to ferment. When ready for use it has a slightly sour taste, and a pink or lilac color. The taste is not unlike that of sour book-binders' paste, and is anything but palatable when one first essays to make a meal of it. But a liking for it, as for almost anything else, is easily acquired. So much is this the case that *poi* is a favorite dish with many

foreigners here, and nearly all of them eat it to a greater or less extent.

Eating *poi*, according to native fashion, is quite an art, and requires considerable manual, or rather digital, dexterity. The index finger, or this and the second finger together, are dipped into the pastry mess, when it is quickly and deftly twirled around them, and then elevated above the mouth and allowed to trickle down the throat in a way that simply astonishes any one but a born Kanaka. One unaccustomed to eating it this way would, in attempting to do so, inevitably daub it all over his face. It is one of the native arts that requires considerable practice before proficiency is attained. The safer way for the unpractised hand is to use a fork or spoon. When a fork is used, the *poi* which is quite viscous, is twisted around the tines of the fork, and thus it is conveyed to the mouth without any of the risks, consequent on eating it in Kanaka fashion.

I have used the word Kanaka quite often, but I must state that it is a term which, although universally employed, is incorrectly applied. *Kanaka* in the Hawaiian language means man; but it was the word used by the whalers, who frequented these islands years ago, to signify native, and as such it is still retained.

## LANGUAGE.

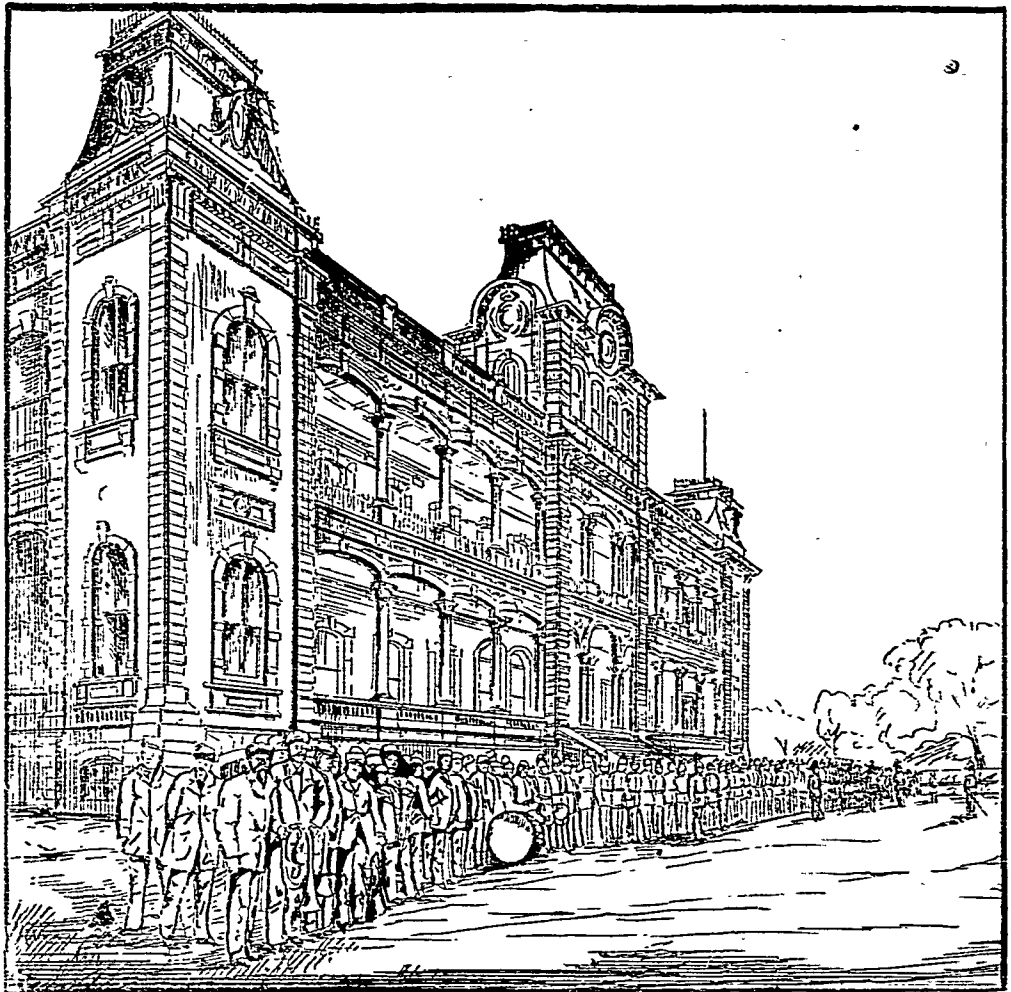
The language of the Islanders is most interesting, and I have experienced much pleasure in hearing it spoken. It is pre-eminently a language of vowels, and this characteristic is in striking contrast with the harsh guttural, sibilant, consonant dialects of northern Europe. The vowels are far more numerous in the Hawaiian than in the Italian language. The latter, it has been said, is the language of birds. The former can with equal propriety, be called the language of children. It is simple and easy in its construction, and most euphonious and agreeable to the ear. In the Hawaiian language proper, there are only twelve letters, five of which are vowels. The vowels have the same sounds as in Latin, and these sounds are invariable. The natives have such an aversion to consonants that there is only one word in the language that tolerates two together—the word *Kristo*—"Christ." Every word and every syllable must terminate with a vowel, and no syllable can have more than one consonant. There are frequently long words, and even whole sentences, made up entirely of vowels. The Hawaiian word for "truth," for instance, is *oiaio*; *aoao* means "side;" *ci ae oe ia io* signifies "Speak thou to him there." And yet with all these vowels there are no elisions in conversation. On the contrary, every vowel is distinctly enunciated. When it comes to consonants, the native meets with difficulties. So much is this the case, that the older people find it next to impossible to pronounce a syllable containing two consonants.

The Hawaiian is essentially a concrete language—a language of things, and not of ideas. There are few abstract terms used—as is, indeed, the case in the languages of all primitive peoples. There are, for instance, no words to signify virtue, gratitude, color, nature, or other abstract ideas. But it is wonderfully rich in specific terms, and is consequently a language of poetry and song.

The names of persons and places are always musical, and frequently quite picturesque. The name of the present King Kalakaua means "day of battles;" the name of Queen Kapiolani signifies "captive of heaven." There is a number of places in the islands whose names begin with the word *wai*, "water," all of which have a peculiarly

harmonious sound. Like the oriental word *wady*, or the Indian word *minne*, both of which mean water, the Hawaiian prefix *wai* gives a singularly beautiful sound to the word, or words, with which it is united. As the two former, prefixed to other words, give us *Wady Mousa*, *Wady Feran*, *Minnehaha*, *Minnetonka*, so the latter gives us such musical names as *Waioli*, *Waikiki*, *Wailele*, *Wailuku*, *Waimanu*; meaning, respectively, "singing water," "spouting water," "leaping water," "destructive waters," "water bird."

Foreigners find the names, especially of persons, to be sometimes quite long, and are obliged to practise the pronunciation of the same as much as if they were the names of some new compounds baptized by a German chemist. I will give one as a sample. It is one of the names of the high



PALACE AND ARMY.

priestess, *Wailele*, and I think anyone who can at sight fluently and correctly pronounce it deserves a chromo. The name in question contains as many letters as the English alphabet, and is written *Kalanikaukikilokalaniakua*.

## ON TO KEALAKEAKUA.

After leaving the port of Honolulu and crossing Kaiwi Channel, we coasted along the leeward side of the "sorrowful island of Molokai," on which is found the Leper Settlement of Kalawuo.

I will say nothing for the present of the inhabitants of this colony, as I hope to return to the subject in a future letter, when I can speak of it more in detail. After leaving Molokai, we crossed a number of other channels separating the island of Maui from the smaller islands of Lanai and

Kahoolawe. Maui is celebrated, among other things, as having the largest crater in the world, that of the extinct volcano Haleakala—house of the sun. The crater of this famous volcano is thirty miles in circumference, and two thousand feet in depth, and, after Kilauea, is the place of greatest interest in the kingdom.

We stopped at two or three landings on Maui to put off and take on passengers and freight. The most important and the most interesting of these places was the charming town of Lahaina, formerly the capital of the kingdom. Situated close on to the shore, at the base of a cloud-capped mountain, and embowered among groves of coconut, bread-fruit, candlenut, tamarind, mango, banana, and orange, and tinged with the golden, erubescence glow of the setting sun, Lahaina was, indeed, a spectacle of beauty long to be remembered. When contemplating such scenes, one's mind instinctively reverts to what poets tell us of the Elysian fields and of the Hesperides and the Fortunate Isles. Everything is so different here from what it is in a less tropical clime, and one can form an adequate idea of things as they are, only by seeing and enjoying them himself.

The greater portion of last night was passed in crossing the channel of Alenuihaha, intervening between Maui and Hawaii. This channel, and, indeed, all the others that we crossed, is remarkable for its roughness and the heavy ocean swell that there obtains. The trials consequent on crossing the English Channel or the German Ocean, something of which all European travellers retain a vivid recollection, are as nothing compared with the agonies endured by those who are compelled to navigate the dread channels that are here the terror of even old seafaring voyagers. But one forgets the horrors of the night in the enjoyment of the pleasures of the day.

#### CAPTAIN COOK.

After reaching the coast of Hawaii we called at several points of minor importance; but the one that possessed the greatest interest for me—and, I fancy, for most tourists—was Kealakeakua Bay, the place that witnessed the death of the great navigator, Captain Cook. There is a monument erected on the spot where he is supposed to have been killed, the exact location being unknown. It consists of a square base on which rests a truncated, pyramidal shaft. The whole is made of concrete and rises to a height of about twenty feet. It is within an enclosure made of cannon posts, twelve in number, connected by a heavy iron chain. Some acacia trees stand near the monument, and wave their graceful branches

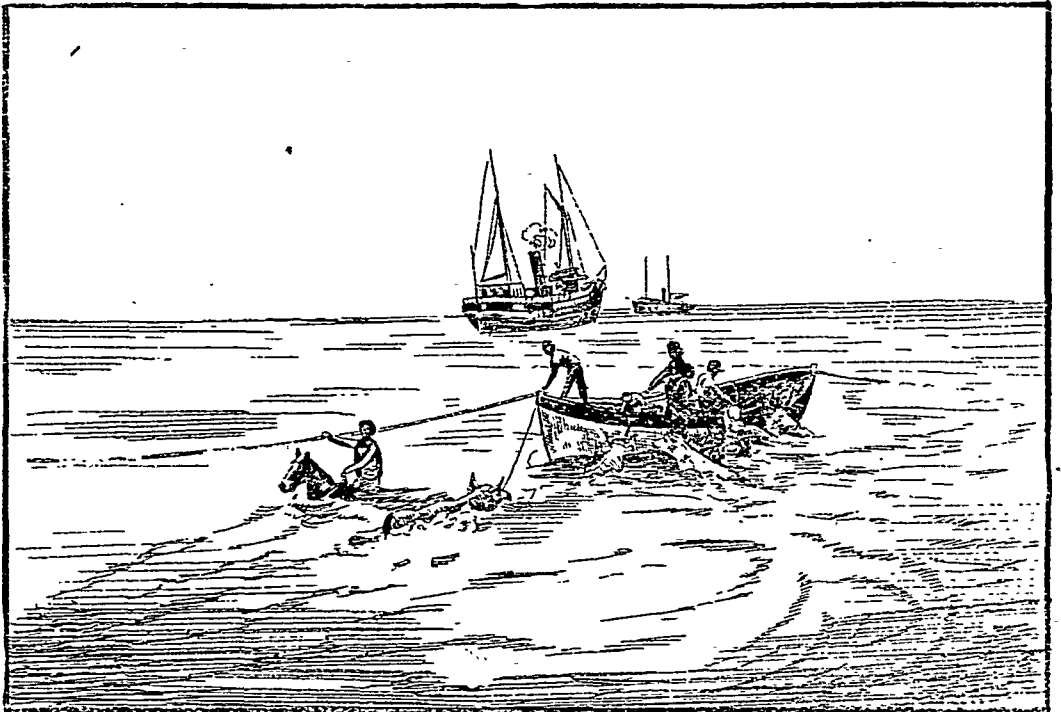
and plume-like leaves over and against it; while to the left, and facing the ocean, are some stately cocoa palms; and in the rear, but hard by, are other species of palms, equally interesting; and on the right are a few small buildings on a foundation of shining black lava. The following epitaph is graved in the shaft on the side facing the ocean:

IN MEMORY OF  
The Great Circumnavigator,  
CAPTAIN JAMES COOK, R. N.,  
WHO

Discovered these Islands on the 18th day of January,  
A. D., 1778, and fell near this spot on the 14th day  
of February, A. D., 1779.

This Monument was erected in November, A. D., 1874,  
by some of His Fellow Countrymen.

It is remarkable what a number of errors obtain regarding Cook and the discovery of the Sandwich Islands. Anyone who knows history knows that these islands were discovered by the Spaniards



SHIPPING CATTLE FROM THE PORT OF KEALAKEAKUA.

full two hundred years before the time of Cook's coming, and that they were visited and revisited, time and again, by Spanish navigators before the year of their so-called discovery by Cook. Lying, as they did, in the direct course of the Spanish galleons on their way from Mexico to Manila and the rich spice islands of the East Indies, these islands could scarcely have been passed without being seen, and we know why their existence was not more generally known than they were prior to the advent of Cook.

The Spaniards saw on their first visit to the islands that from their very structure—being composed entirely of lava—there was no gold nor silver to be had, and nothing short of rich mineral treasures or rare tropical products could induce the hidalgos of Spain to remain there. It was policy for them to conceal the knowledge of the position of such islands and such a retreat from their naval enemies, who were then very numerous, and from the buccaneers, who then infested the seas, and

they accordingly made known their discoveries only to the court of Madrid, which, for the reasons named, suppressed the journals of discovery and kept secret all accounts of the voyages made in this part of the world. But their maps and charts and journals, which have been made public since Cook's time, show, beyond a doubt, that the real discoverers of the islands were the Spaniards, and that their reasons for not making known their discoveries long before were based on motives of self-interest and self-protection.

Again, Cook has been lauded to the skies as a Christian navigator, and regarded as a martyr sacrificed to the cause of science and discovery. But anyone understanding the facts of the case knows that he was neither the one nor the other. I am willing to give him credit for what he has done. I am ready to acknowledge that he was an enterprising and a successful seaman, but I cannot bring myself to admit all that his admirers claim for him. Any one conversant with his methods of dealing with the natives during his intercourse with them can be only surprised that he did not meet with his death at their hands sooner than he did. Cook proved himself to be, while on these islands, one of the most arrogant, selfish, and cruel of men. He came among a peaceful and simple people, with all the prestige any mortal could have, and had he possessed the Christian and humane spirit of his successor, Vancouver, he could have accomplished wonders for the good of the people. In their simplicity, the natives looked upon their strange visitor as a god, and accordingly paid him divine honors, which Cook did not hesitate to accept. They brought him and his crew the fat of the land, and were always ready to assist him in any way they could. In return for their kindness and hospitality, the "Christian navigator" dealt most harshly with his entertainers, robbed them of what they prized most highly, and desecrated their temples—and the very same temples in which, only a short time before, he had permitted them to give unto him all the honors they were capable of rendering to the Supreme Being.

If Cook died at the hands of the natives, it was because he drew his death upon himself, and not because the natives were a savage or bloodthirsty people. They have, I know, been represented as both the one and the other ever since Cook's death, and in a measure in consequence of his death; they have, too, been regarded as cannibals, but it is a matter of history, as far as any positive knowledge exists, that they have ever held cannibalism in abhorrence. Cook's heart, it is true, was eaten by some children, who mistook it for that of a dog, and this circumstance, together with the details of his death, has, more than anything else, given rise to the report that has ever since been in circulation regarding the anthropophagous disposition of the inhabitants of Hawaii. But authentic history still declares the contrary. Vancouver, and all others who did not maltreat the natives, always found them a peaceful and tractable people, much the same in this respect as the traveller finds them at the present day—a people amongst whom one can

travel in any part of the islands with the utmost security as to person and property.

#### NEAR KEALAKEAKUA BAY,

a large number of cattle were received on board, and the way they were taken from the land to the vessel was both novel and exciting. As there was no wharf at this place, the usual means of getting cattle on board could not be employed. But, difficult and dangerous as the task appeared, it was accomplished with but little trouble, and in a comparatively short time. The cattle, to the number of forty or fifty, were all corralled on the beach, and the vessel stood out from the shore a full quarter of a mile or more. A few of the steamer's boats, manned by native sailors, were sent ashore, which was lashed by heavy breakers that threatened destruction to both boats and boatmen, and then the fun began. The boats were quickly connected with the shore by long, strong ropes, and Kanaka "cowboys," divested of all clothing, except a simple *malo* or strip of cloth about their loins, and mounted on well-trained steeds, proceeded, with a whoop and a yell, to secure their victims and transfer them to the boats in waiting. A graceful throw of the lariat was sufficient to capture one of the herd, and then began "the tug of war."

The cattle all seemed to be afraid of the water, and it was necessary to take them by sheer force from land to boat. Horse and rider would start off through the threatening breakers, and at times, so heavy was the sea, that horse, rider and steer would entirely disappear under the foaming billows, and all would seem to be lost. But it was not so. Kanaka and horse soon emerged from under the surf, and behind them the steer madly plunging into the briny sea, as if he were bent on committing suicide. But his struggles were useless. He was soon hauled to the boat and tied by the horns to the gunwale, from which he remained dangling in the water until fourteen others were secured in a similar manner. The boat with its cargo was then taken to the vessel, and by means of a crane, specially constructed for the purpose, the cattle were easily and speedily taken on board.

Almost every place we have seen along the coast is the subject of legendary lore; and the natives delight in recounting tales of the marvellous and the supernatural that fairly eclipse any of the extravagances that the "Arabian Nights" can boast of.

And then, too, every spot is rich in associations of one kind or another, reminding one in this respect of the historic lands of the Old World. And, like the countries of the Old World, this island kingdom has its ancient ruins and monuments. Here we will see the walls of some old *beiau*, or temple; or there one will come across all that is left of a *punhonua*, or city of refuge. For, like the Israelites of old, the Hawaiians had their cities of refuge, and for both peoples they served the same purpose. As far as is known, these two nations are the only ones that had such institutions. Did the Hawaiian copy from the Hebrew? Did any members of the "Lost Tribes" find their way hither, bringing with

them their ordinances regarding such cities of refuge? It has been supposed so, and yet who knows anything about the matter? We are here confronted with one of those many puzzling questions that are constantly confronting the ethnologist and the historian in their search after knowledge regarding the present and past relations of our race. Future investigation may throw some light on the subject; but as yet we know no more about it than we do about the round towers of Ireland, or the peculiar structures of the North American Mound builders.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### The Three Pledges.

[The following lines were written after hearing the well-known German song of „Die drei Studenten.“]

Three students sat together  
In a villa on the Rhine,  
And pledged the beauteous river  
In draughts of sparkling wine.

One was bold and haughty,  
Count Otto was his name;  
His dark eyes flashed and smouldered,  
From Nüremberg he came.

And one was too-fond-hearted  
For aught but love and song,  
With hair too brightly golden  
To wear its lustre long.

His hands were white and shapely  
As any maid's might be—  
Count Adelbert of Munich—  
A joyous youth was he.

And one was grave and quiet,  
With such a winning smile  
That, meeting all its brightness,  
Sad hearts grew light the while.

And as they sat together—  
Three travellers by the Rhine,  
And pledged the noble river  
In draughts of golden wine—

With lays of olden minstrels  
They whiled the hours away,  
Till twilight gently sealed them  
With the sign of parting day.

Then silence fell upon them,  
And the distant boatman's song  
Returned in softened echoes  
The gleaming waves along;

And through the latticed windows  
The hush of evening stole,  
And the solemn spell of silence  
Fast fettered soul to soul.

Dream on, O happy-hearted!  
The future holds no truth,  
No amarantine jewel  
Like the rainbow tints of youth.

Dream on, O happy-hearted!  
The hour will soon be gone,  
And darkness fall too swiftly,  
Dream on, young hearts, dream on!

“This is the proudest hour  
Of all the golden twelve,

That seek the mystic caverns  
Where gray gnomes dig and delve.

“The beauty of the morning  
Is but the birth of day,  
And the glory of the noontide  
Doth pass as soon away.

“But twilight holds the fulness,  
The meed of every one,  
Dropping the radiant circlet  
Before her god, the sun.

“This is the proudest hour  
Of all the golden twelve:  
Now combs the nix her tresses,  
Now rests his spade, the elfe.

“And I drink to the proudest maiden  
That treads this German-land;  
No other love shall my heart own,  
No other queen my hand.

“And I'll pledge her three times over,  
This dearest love of mine,  
In the brightest flowing nectar  
That ever kissed the Rhine.”

Thus spoke the bold Count Otto,  
And held his goblet up,  
And three times overflowing  
Each student drained the cup.

“This is the fairest hour,  
For the sunset clouds unfold  
To the purple seas of twilight  
Their red-tipped sails of gold.

“And the hecatombs of sweetness,  
That all the day have risen  
In the bosom of the flowers,  
Unbar their shining prison.

“This is the fairest hour,  
The hour of even-tide;  
And I drink to the fairest maiden  
That dwells the Rhine beside.

“And I pledge her three times over,  
Though her only dower should be  
The heaven-born gift of beauty  
And her true-heart's love for me.”

Thus spoke Adelbert, smiling,  
And held his goblet up,  
And three times overflowing  
Each student drained the cup.

Then paused the twain in wond'ring  
What Ludwig's toast might be;  
For their comrade sat in silence,  
And never word spake he.

“How now? Why thus, brave Ludwig,  
Sit'st thou in pensive mood?  
Dost choose to dwell unmoved  
In loveless solitude?”

He smiled, and then looked downward,  
As he answered, glass in hand,  
“Nay, nay, but if I pledge her  
Ye will not understand.”

“Where dwells she then?” cried Otto,  
“This peerless love of thine?  
Mayhap some fabled Lurline  
That sings beneath the Rhine?”

Thou'rt smiling—haste, then, pledge her;  
And the brimming glasses rung,  
As Ludwig dropped the music  
That trembled on his tongue.

" This is the holiest hour  
Of all the twenty-four,  
For the rush of day hath passed us,  
And the tide returns no more.

" And the waves of toil and traffic,  
By dark argosies trod,  
Are lost through circling eddies  
In the mightiness of God.

" This is the holiest hour,  
When purest thoughts have birth,  
And I drink to the holiest maiden  
That ever dwelt on earth.

" Her vesture falleth around her.  
In folds of changeless white,  
And her holiness outshineth  
The jewels of the night.

" She weareth a mantle of sadness,  
Her sorrows are her fame;  
She long hath been my chosen,  
But I will not name her name.

" Ah! not with wine I pledge thee,  
All spotless as thou art,  
But with my life's devotion,  
With the fulness of my heart.

" Ah! not with wine I pledge thee,  
Nor one libation pour;  
Thou hold'st the bond that seals me,  
Thine own for evermore."

This with white brow uncovered,  
'Neath the floating twilight skies,  
And angels might have marvelled  
At the beauty of his eyes.

Then he turned his goblet downward  
And waved the flask aside,  
His comrades would have proffered  
To pledge such wondrous bride.

" Friend, thou hast spoken strangely,  
But thou wert ever strange;  
Mayhap this matchless maiden  
Hath power thy mood to change."

Thus Adelbert spake, smiling,  
And shook his golden hair;  
" I ask nor saint nor angel,  
But maiden fond and fair.

" Then let us pledge each other  
Since thy passion is too deep,  
With comrades tried and trusty  
Its sacredness to keep.

" What maiden like thy vision  
In all our fatherland?"  
" Ah! said I not," cried Ludwig,  
" Ye would not understand?"

" Come, let us pledge each other,"  
Said Otto, glass in hand—  
" A right good draught of friendship  
That all may understand."

Then their glasses clashed together:  
" Firm may our fealty be!"  
And Ludwig's voice of music  
Rang loudest of the three.

Seven times hath Autumn gathered  
The vintage of the Rhine  
Since the students pledged each other  
In draughts of golden wine.

In a grand and lofty castle,  
The Danube stream beside,  
Count Otto dwells in splendor,  
The lord of acres wide.

He has won the proudest maiden  
In all that German-land;  
And countless hosts of yeomen  
Obey his high command.

But the haughty brow is clouded,  
And his eye is full of care,  
For the trace of many a heart-storm  
Has left its impress there.

Love had sought Adelbert,  
Young Beauty's flow'ret blown,  
And the tendrils of its blossoms  
About his heart had grown.

And joy had wrapped them softly  
In robes of radiant sheen,  
Till Death bent down, relentless,  
And sapped their living green.

A mourner sits in silence  
Within a darkened room,  
Where the fairest flower of summer  
Lies withered in her bloom;

While those who move about him,  
With footsteps sad and slow,  
Whisper to each other,  
But leave him to his woe.

And down in the quiet church-yard,  
Where the nodding grasses wave,  
The children gather, silent,  
And the sexton digs a grave.

Solemnly tolls the church-bell—  
Twenty, twenty-five—  
Oh, God! the flowers wither  
And the old, old branches thrive.

Solemnly tolls the church-bell,  
Slowly winds the train  
Adown the rocky hill-side  
Along the grassy plain;

Sadly pass the bearers  
Into the church-yard old;  
Brightly falls the sunlight  
In glittering hues of gold.

Tearfully pause the mourners  
Above the broken sod,  
And Ludwig waits beside it,  
A humble priest of God.

M. E. M.

### Remembrance.

One of the highest faculties with which God has endowed the soul of man is memory. At times, this power is to him a source of poignant sorrow; but often, I rejoice to say, of more perfect bliss than he ever actually experiences. And the reason of this is that, whether remembrance bring delight or despair, it always intensifies and exaggerates the reality. For Remembrance has a sister, beautiful as the Sphinx, and her name is Fancy.

When our spirits are depressed by misfortune, or when we have strayed from the path of duty and of virtue, remembrance conjures up the spectres of the irrevocable past, clothes them with the

most dismal hues, and excludes from the scene every ray of light, every smallest beam of hope. Keen-toothed remorse preys upon the sickened soul, and that faculty which was given to the human race as a fountain whence might be drawn the most pleasant waters, fills the cup of misery with poison. Oh! then we curse memory and sigh for a draught of Lethe.

But, in an ordinary frame of mind, man is more prone to recall the memory of the sunlight than of the shadows which have passed over his life. Casting a golden haze around his soul, remembrance brings back vividly some happy period of his existence, be it only a moment, and, by the enchantment of the imagination, it seems like a glimpse of paradise. Indeed, the most delightful of our sensations are to be found in dream-land, for there are no thorns about the roses in that fairy region. Who among us has not spent many a leisure hour in erecting castles in the air, and, upon dispelling his day-dreams, did he ever chance to see "a fabric half so fair?" But this is no more than the power of Memory allied to Fancy.

One of the chief incentives we possess to do anything laborious, and to do it nobly, is the consciousness that in future years we may be cheered by its recollection. For, in the words of Rome's deathless orator, "The memory of time well spent is one of man's most joyous emotions."

But remembrance has also a more sacred duty. Perhaps there sleeps in the cold ground some one who was once dear to you, whom you cherished and whom you loved. Maybe that in earlier days you had a friend, some old chum, who had twined himself about your heart-strings, and whom you have not met since boyhood's years. Then will you feel the force of remembrance. You will find that memory has treasured up each gentle word, each kindly action, and is your sweetest source of consolation. And do you think that you can ever forget one whom you have truly loved? Listen to the poet's answer to a maiden who told him that in a few short years he would forget:

"Forget thee?" Bid the forest birds forget their sweetest tune;  
 'Forget thee?' Bid the sea forget to swell beneath the moon;  
 Bid the thirsty flowers forget to drink the eve's refreshing dew;  
 Thyself forget thine own 'dear land' and its 'mountains wild and blue.'  
 Forget each old familiar face, each long-remembered spot,—  
 When these things are forgot by thee, then thou shalt be forgot!"

Truly, remembrance is a gift divine. Of all the grand qualities of the soul, it is the only one which can make human love immortal, and bridge the chasm of Death. Hark to this short and tender allusion to his departed bosom-friend when the magic of remembrance brought back to Tennyson's mind the lost companion of his youthful days:—

"But, O, for the touch of a vanished hand,  
 And the sound of a voice that is still!"

PHILIP V.D. BROWNSON.

#### Scientific Notes.

—A Chicago merchant reveals the secret of the fact that while in cold weather other show windows are heavily frosted, his remain clear and transparent. He has his windows rubbed twice each week with a cloth dipped in glycerine.

—The Belgian Government offers a prize of \$5,000, to be awarded in 1889, to the author of the best work on the progress of electricity in its uses as a motor and for lighting purposes, with all applications that can be made of it for such purposes, and the economy and advantages which its use may offer. The prize is open to all nationalities, and the manuscript may be written in English, French, Flemish, German, Italian, or Spanish.

—Recent observations are said to indicate the existence of a submarine volcanic crater between the Canary Islands and the coast of Portugal. From a cable-laying steamer, in latitude 39° 25' north, longitude 9° 54' west, the water was found to measure 1,300 fathoms under the bow, and 800 fathoms under the stern, showing the ship to be over the edge of a deep depression in the ocean bottom. It is well known that great inequalities are found in the bed of the sea of Lisbon, and these are thought to be due to a submarine chain of mountains.

—In a communication to one of the scientific journals, on the subject of paper and the industries connected with it, M. De Boutarel presents some valuable *data* showing the great increase in the quantity of pens, paper, pencils, etc., manufactured in Europe and the United States alone. According to this authority, the production of paper, which at the beginning of the century was practically nothing in the United States, some time since amounted to 500,000 tons yearly, and this quantity is just doubled in Europe—the value of the straw, rags, and other materials used in the manufacture of the paper being about \$100,000,000. The value of all this paper, when manufactured, is estimated at \$200,000,000. The value of the steel pens annually produced, M. Boutarel finds to be not less than \$4,000,000.

—A writer in one of the scientific journals thinks that the question of fuel for steamers, so far as relates to the substitution of petroleum for coal, admits of a comparatively easy solution; that is, the drawback to petroleum being its liquid nature and consequent danger of listing, the conclusion is that if petroleum be turned from a liquid into frozen bricks of any desired size, the objection is overcome, as the oil can then be packed as easily as coal, and even more so. Small tanks heated by steam can be provided to feed the furnace bunkers, and into these tanks may also run pipes from the bunkers to carry away all leakage from thawing. In this manner, it is asserted, frozen petroleum can be carried by a steamer that will furnish considerable more fuel for the space occupied than the same bulk of coal; moreover, it is thought that the cost of petroleum in this form would also be a marked saving on the present fuel.



# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, January 22, 1887.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the TWENTIETH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends who have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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The Editors of the SCHOLASTIC will always be glad to receive information concerning former students and graduates of the University.

## Our Staff.

B. T. BECKER, '86, D. A. LATSHAW, '87,  
P. VD. BROWNSON, '88.

## The Diocesan School Board.

We have received the "Eighth Annual Report of the Diocesan School Board of the Diocese of Fort Wayne, Ind." From it we learn that there are sixty-six (66) parochial schools in the Diocese, with a total attendance of 7,965 children—which is a gratifying showing of the effectiveness of the organization. In his address, which forms the introduction to the "Report," the Rt. Rev. Bishop says:

"This year has been a very prosperous year for the parochial schools of the diocese. Good, substantial, and, in some instances, magnificent school buildings have been erected in Michigan City, Girardot, St. Joseph's, South Bend, and Hammond; an additional school room in Anderson; and a new school building is now contemplated in Columbia City. To this I may add that in the country, besides those in Lake County, two more public schools have been provided with Catholic teachers and are, to all intents and purposes, Catholic schools. I have still more reason to rejoice, seeing from your reports that, as a rule, our schools are well taught, and in a good condition, con-

sidering the place and Mission; at least there is a decided and satisfactory improvement: your criticism is, in nearly all cases, only in regard to room and furniture, where the poverty of the congregation furnishes a good excuse for the present time. I am far from believing our schools perfect; but I am highly pleased, and I thank God for good, steady improvement."

The great success which attends the work of the "School Board" must command the attention of every friend of education. Anything that can materially advance the cause of education—which is the great question of the age—should not be neglected. Here we have the great battle ground between mankind and the powers of darkness, who would either keep our youth in ignorance or infect their minds with the poison of infidelity. The training obtained in early youth is, in many cases, all that is ever obtained; and the man is saved or ruined for life—for time and for eternity—by the instruction and example of his childhood. The basis then laid will be what he is to build upon in after-life, good or bad, according to circumstances. Therefore, as comparatively few can receive the advantage of a college education, the parochial schools should be placed upon the best possible footing, and their sphere extended as much as possible. Such is the object proposed to itself by this School Board—which is as yet, we believe, peculiar to the Diocese of Ft. Wayne; and the great good which it has accomplished suggests the hope that similar organizations may be made to exist in every diocese.

## Authority.

Whatever the philosophical teachings we may follow, we must all take facts as they are, and recognize an inequality in the conditions of men, or, in other words, that mankind is divided into superiors and inferiors. The necessity of this distinction once admitted, the next thing to examine is the duties of each. If to be in power meant nothing else than to command at random, and wield authority according to the dictates of simple caprice, then many rulers, instead of being regarded, as they now perhaps justly are, as a reproach to human reason, would be clothed in all the glory of sages. There is no art more difficult than that of commanding. It is one which cannot be acquired. Like the divine spark which distinguishes the man of genius in other branches, it must come from Heaven. The ruler is a father. The authority which he uses is not his own. Those whom he commands, though subject to him, are far less his inferiors than his children. The perfect family on earth, next to heaven, is the model of the perfect society. The care, the solicitude, the watching, the prudence which bring forth success are the portion of the head girt with authority. When the man who rules governs with the least show of power—which he does when he practises the virtues of his position—then he governs best. Reason guides his words; caution, affection and a heartfelt sense of duty his actions. His will pervades society like the atmosphere. He has a great, a noble, a godlike duty to

perform, and his recompense in heaven, nay, on earth, is commensurate with his merits. The good ruler is less feared than loved.

But, for the great mass of the world, the most important thing to be considered is the duties of the governed. The pride of men, with the exalted ideas which they generally cherish of their own wisdom and capacity, exposes them to all those vices and excesses which have so often proved the ruin of states and the demoralization of the human family. Mankind in general, considered in a social sense, requires to be guided, to be instructed and to be corrected. In the family the individual must recognize the authority of the parent; in the school he must trust to his master; in the army, to his captain, and in the State, to the Government; but in all cases men must look to those above them for guidance and for wisdom in the direction of their conduct, else they act as those unwise. All authority comes from the Almighty, and hence should command respect. It is a manifestation in secondary causes of the Divine will, and should be obeyed. It is the institution of the wisdom of God established for our good, and should therefore be loved. The just man, then, feels not the weight of the law. It is the vice of the human heart that makes authority irksome.

When disorders occur in society, it is to this source they can invariably be traced. Tyranny brings revolution, and insubordination brings forth tyranny. The abuse of power and corruption of the Bourbons gave rise to the Revolution. A patient and chivalrous nation bears, until forbearance can scarce deserve our praise. Crushed and downtrodden, it at last bursts its bonds, lifts aloft its giant limbs, and in its frenzy deals to corrupt potentates the wild justice of revenge. But when the storm subsides, and the demon of disorder has done its worst and no man knows or respects authority, then arises a tyranny more dire, dreadful, calamitous and enduring than that which revolution had cloven to the earth. What secures the peace, prosperity, happiness and progress of the human family, is well-organized society, where all practise with equal care the virtues and fulfil the duties of their station—the governor, by his wisdom, his prudence, his kindness and his firmness; the governed, by their docility, their confidence and their affection. B.

#### Methods With Album Poetry.

Scarcely has the youthful poet been fairly launched upon his elevated career—scarcely have his first effusions blossomed in the valuable columns of the local newspaper—scarcely have the laudations of admiring friends begun to ring in his gratified ears—than he is met by a form of embarrassment so formidable, so difficult to deal with, as to threaten an absolute stoppage to the delightful ascent of Parnassus satisfactorily begun. Many a noble heart and teeming brain has struggled vainly against it—struggled for years, perhaps, before sinking finally into a grave robbed of its destined honors. We allude, of course, to the flood

of albums from his feminine friends, in each of which the favor of a few stanzas from his facile pen is requested in terms which amount to command. Write or forfeit your social position—that is what this form of highway robbery really means—however exteriorly polite the terms in which the favor is asked. It is the object of the present article to aid and comfort the oppressed genius who is endeavoring to cope with this iniquity.

One method which has suggested itself to many is to keep in a private drawer a volume of choice selections for all possible occasions, and when the fair one waltzes up with her album, to say: "Miss —, I cannot sufficiently command my feelings amid the dizzy concourse of rank and fashion with which we are now surrounded to do justice to the claims of your exquisite literary treasure. I will not, therefore, attempt an impromptu, but I will take your album to my own little room, and there, while the pale moonbeams stream through the casement, and the perfume of the roses is wafted in upon the zephyr, I will try my best to afford you the tribute of my humble admiration." Then, of course, when you get to your room, all you have to do is to look up an appropriate selection, carefully checking it off, to avoid using the same one twice, as your lady friends are sure to compare notes. This method may succeed for awhile, if the volume of selections is quite new; but it is apt to be found out in the long run, and the finger of scorn pointed at the plagiarist. I should not recommend it, therefore, unless you are sure that your sojourn in the place where you use it will be brief.

Another method is to provide yourself with rhymes for all possible feminine names. If you simply introduced the lady's name in the middle of a line, she would not feel it so much of a compliment, because several other names might be substituted for it. For instance in the line:

"When lovely Myra walks the plain,"

"Sarah," or "Susan," or "Alice," or any name of two syllables, accented on the first, would do just as well as "Myra." But if you wrote:

"Walked upon by lovely Myra,  
Surely any favored plain  
Must admiringly desire a  
Treasured footprint to retain."

then it would become evident that the verse was composed specially for Myra, as the other names would not rhyme; and the end being thus attained—for a personal compliment is the only end of album poetry—it doesn't much matter what sentimental twaddle you use to fill out the verse with—always, of course, steering clear of anything that could be used in a possible breach-of-promise case. And in this also we have given an instance of the manner in which a peculiar difficulty in rhyming feminine names can be got over. Many of them end with "a"—an un-English termination, with which single words can hardly ever be found to rhyme; but by making the line end with the indefinite article and carrying the noun on to the next line, you can frequently effect the desired jingle. "Sarah," for example, will rhyme with "don't

care a," while the thing (not necessarily profane) which you don't care, may be carried over. It is hardly needful to remind you not to make the mistake of rhyming final "er" with final "a." Even those social circles in which "farmer" is habitually pronounced as a perfect rhyme to "Alabama," entertain a strong repugnance, amounting to absolute loathing, to see such words appear in poetry in that correlation which would suggest an intended rhyme. Why? Because they would all think you called it "Alabarmer." For a similar reason you must not make "window" rhyme with "Lucinda," as they would accuse you of saying "Lucinder" and "winder." "Matilda" should not be rhymed with "killed her" for the additional reason that the tragic element is incongruous in album poetry. But you may say:

"To number thy graces, Matilda,  
Were a task of unqualified bliss;  
But the list, if complete, would have filled a  
Book far more extensive than this."

When you find it absolutely impossible to rhyme the name in its normal form, the usual endearing diminutives offer a choice. "Sal" and "Sallie" are both used for "Sarah," and both easily rhymed; only you must not confound Sal Vation with Sallie Vation, so that it is as well to ascertain in all cases which is the one to be employed.

Even when ladies' names do not end with "a," the perversity of the sex is such that rhymes are often to be found only with the greatest difficulty. Gertrude, for instance, has the accent on the first syllable, and hence will not rhyme with "intrude," "obtrude," or anything else that ends in "trude." But you can make a combination:

"How good, how gentle and how kind!  
How different from the pert, rude,  
Girl o' the period, we find  
Our own angelic Gertrude."

Remember that a vowel in an unaccented syllable is so obscure in English that it will not injure the rhyme. "Palace," for example, is just as good a rhyme for "Alice" as "chalice" or "malice" is. And if you can only get rid of the final "g" in the numerous participles that end in "using," you can have any number of available rhymes for "Susan." The best way of getting rid of it is by quotation—thus:

"A. Ward he had a kangaroo,  
He thought its tricks "amoosin;"  
How much more entertaining you,  
My intellectual Susan!"

The only objection to this form is that many young ladies cherish an insuperable prejudice against being compared to wild beasts, even when the comparison is manifestly to the disadvantage of the wild beast. In general, you should avoid all expressions which may be deemed sarcastic or ironical, as they are apt to wound the feelings and give permanent offence. A classically inclined young man once wrote: "*Bella—horrida bella!*" in a young lady's album. Her name happened to be Bella, and the scene which ensued was painful to all parties concerned.

Perhaps the best of all methods with album

poetry is to register and keep a solemn oath never, under any conceivable set of circumstances, to write a line of verse in any album whatsoever. It is hoped that the reflections presented in this article may be of some slight assistance to those oppressed and groaning beneath the crushing weight of that evil we have sought to mitigate.

BOYLE DOWELL.

Semi-Annual Examinations, Jan. 25—Feb. 1.

#### EXAMINATION BOARDS.

Under the General Supervision of REV. PRESIDENT WALSH.

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#### Personal.

—Among the welcome visitors during the week was Rev. T. J. Ryan, assistant Rector of St. Augustine's Church, Kalamazoo, Mich.

—On the 3d inst., Mr. Frank Keller, of '79, was married to Miss Nellie Blake, at St. Mary's Church, Tiffin, O. Congratulations and best wishes from friends at Notre Dame.

—Moses L. Foote, of '83, was married to Miss Lillie Burns, at Kewanee, Ill., on the 29th ult. Mr. Foote's many friends here extend their congratulations with best wishes for a long and happy life with his fair bride.

—Charles F. Perry (Com'l), '81, is engaged in a highly lucrative business in Chicago. A letter was recently received from him expressing pleasing remembrances of his *Alma Mater*, with greetings to his former Professors and all the members of the Faculty.

—The *Maysville (Ky.) Bulletin*, in a recent issue contained the following mention of a prominent member of the Class of '84:

"Dr. John J. Malloy, who has held the position of House Surgeon in the New York Post-Graduate Hospital for the past year, will leave in a few days to spend some time in the hospitals of Germany. While in Europe, he will attend to some matters of business for his father, Mr. Peter Malloy, of the Germantown neighborhood. The Doctor graduated at the head of his class last year, and is fighting for the front rank in his profession. If close study and application is all that is needed, he will get there."

## Local Items.

- January thaw!
- The skating is excellent.
- Success to the Glee Club!
- Semis next week. Look out for them!
- Grand musical *soirée* next Saturday eve.
- Signor Gregori spent a few days in Chicago during the week.
- All the material for the Band this year is good, except some of the instruments.
- The entertainment last Saturday was enjoyed by all—even by the serious Professor.
- A Mikado sociable is on the list of amusements for examination week. Tra! la!
- Some of our pedestrians are trying snow shoes. They find it easier to walk without them.
- The new boxing apparatus is warranted to knock out anybody from 200 pounds downwards.
- Now for the home stretch! The examination will tell who has been pulling well during the past session.
- The “roomers” are holding star chamber sessions nightly. No admission till after the examinations.
- The members of the class try hard to look as if they had worn nothing but “plugs” for the last six years.
- Very probably the Philharmonic Society will give the second concert in its series at the end of the session.
- The snow during the last “break-up” disappeared with neatness and despatch, like pie before the student!
- “Now is the winter of my discontent!” sighed an impulsive Junior in expectation of the coming examination.
- The Thespian Dramatic Committee is in secret session, deliberating upon the play for Washington’s Birthday.
- At the suggestion of Professor Gregori, a drama entitled “Columbus,” is being translated into English from the original Italian.
- “Ship ahoy!” “Ay, ay, sir!” “If you have finished reading ‘Midshipman Bob,’ send it over to Fisher and then pass it to Senn.”
- We are pleased to announce that Prof. A. A. Griffith, the well-known elocutionist, will lecture before the students this (Saturday) evening.
- By one of those strange coincidences that sometimes happen, “ponies” are in great demand simultaneously with impending examinations.
- In connection with the course of Metallurgy, a series of eight lectures on the mineral resources of the United States has been given to the class.
- “*Entre nous* it is said that the assistant librarian of the L. C. L. is the most reticent boy in the Senior department. But, for goodness sake, don’t say that I told you so!”
- The Professor of Geology has been hard at

work preparing an excellent course of lectures in that branch of science for the second session. A number of new features will be introduced.

—More than one hapless youth is now working with the energy of despair trying to cram into his cranium in a week what he ought to have stored away gradually during the last four months.

—During the session now closing, there have been thirty students engaged in the Biological Laboratory, and there are indications that the number will be greatly increased at the opening of the coming session.

—The members of the Crescent Club will hold a sociable this evening in the Juniors’ reception rooms. As usual, a general good time may be expected by all who have an invitation to take part in the festivities of the Club.

—The week came in like a lion and is going out like a lamb. The blizzards and snow-storms which marked the first few days have been succeeded by pleasant, agreeable weather, which makes the sleighing and out-door exercise all the more enjoyable.

—The new Minims who have arrived since the reopening of school are: Masters Silver, Corbett and Hagus, from Denver, Col.; J. and F. Sullivan, from Marquette, Lake Superior; L. Mayer, from Saguache, Col.; Goldman, Chicago, Ill.; H. Davidson, St. Louis.

—The two terriers in the basement floor have been guilty of too much “pernicious activity” of late, and somebody, with an alarming amount of “ghoulish glee” depicted on his countenance, told us that a hypodermic injection of nitro-glycerine would, ere long, be administered.

—The Niles’ road, between the Notre Dame and St. Mary’s roads, was blockaded by immense snow-drifts during the early part of the week. Conveyances for St. Mary’s were obliged to make a detour through the College premises and around back of the Professed House. Later—The thaw has settled the matter.

—Rev. Frank A. O’Brien, of Kalamazoo, Mich., has our thanks for season tickets to the Young Men’s Sodality Lectures at St. Augustine’s Church, in that city. Among the lecturers is Rev. S. Fitte, C.S.C., Prof. of Philosophy in the University, who is booked for next Wednesday evening, when he will speak on the subject of “Church and State.”

—A large bundle of Mr. P. V. Hickey’s new paper, *The Catholic American*, was received during the week. The papers were distributed among the students, all of whom professed to be pleased with the make-up of the new periodical and the general interest of its contents. We hope that many subscribers will be found in this vicinity, for the undertaking deserves every encouragement.

—The 12th regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association was held in St. Edward’s Hall, on Wednesday, Jan. 19, at which compositions deserving praise were read by the following: Masters C. Boettcher, A. Williamson, J. O’Meara, F. Toolen, L. Riordan, B. Triplett, F. Falvey, W. Williamson and A. Nester. Masters

B. Triplett, C. Koester and H. Silver were admitted to membership.

—During the Christmas vacation, Prof. Kindig profited by some leisure moments to arrange a grand *pièce concertante*, for the Saxophone, which he has dedicated to Prof. Gregori. It will be played for the first time in public at the next concert, and all attending may expect a rare musical treat. We are informed that there are only about ten pieces at present constituting the literature for this most difficult instrument.

—The following item, which is now going the rounds of the press, will be interesting and instructive reading for those amongst us addicted to the peculiarly feminine habit of chewing gum:

“Gum-chewing excites the entire glandular system connected with alimentation. The purpose of the glands is clearly established. Their products cannot be wasted or diverted to other uses without damage. The human being is not a ruminant—a cud-chewer. One class of animals cannot adopt the natural habits of another without suffering from so doing. The gum-chewing mania should be frowned upon.”

—On Tuesday, Very Rev. Father General made a very pleasant visit to the Palace, in order to ascertain how the Princes stood the severe cold weather. He was delighted to find all, without a single exception, well and busy at work preparing for examination. He gave two photographs of “St. John communicating the Blessed Virgin,” to the best boys. The original, which the Very Rev. Father has frequently seen during his visits to the Eternal City, is, he says, a masterpiece of art which is admired by all visitors to Rome.

—Last Saturday evening, the Junior Glee Club gave a unique and enjoyable entertainment in Washington Hall, as the grand closing of the holiday season. It was informal and somewhat impromptu in character. The Orchestra furnished delightful music, and representatives of the Minim, Junior and Senior departments—Masters F. Crotty, J. McIntosh, E. Darragh, J. Kleiber and J. Stubbs—delivered appropriate and excellent recitations. The exercises concluded with a roaring farce presented by members of the Club, who did well in their various characters, and succeeded in “bringing down the house.”

—A life-size portrait in oil of the late James A. McMaster, from the brush of Professor Gregori, will soon be placed in the Gallery of Catholic Laymen in the University of Notre Dame. In the history of the Church in the United States, after the late illustrious Dr. Orestes A. Brownson, there is no Catholic layman whose labors in behalf of religion and society are better deserving of perpetual recognition by the people of this country. Gregori's portrait in the College halls will be at least a step in this direction, as it will serve to recall his memory to the thousands of visitors and tourists who, year after year, are attracted to Notre Dame to inspect its colleges, academies and religious institutions.

—Rev. President Walsh made a very thorough examination of several of the classes in St. Edward's Hall, on Monday and Tuesday. As the

Minims attend to their work as attentively as any boys at Notre Dame, they are always well prepared for the visits of the Rev. President, so that no one need be surprised at the following excellent report:

Of the Minims examined in the 1st Arithmetic Class, L. Riordan, C. Mooney, W. McDonnell, R. Graham, J. McIntosh, W. Martin, H. Silver, N. Jewett, H. Huiskamp, A. Williamson, R. Boyd, C. Priestly and T. Falvey deserve special mention; in the Second Class, E. Conners, F. Rogers, C. Koester, E. Hillas, W. Rowsey, M. Blumenthal, W. Williamson, C. Boettcher, A. Sullivan, R. Clendenin, R. Munro and F. Toolen. In the 2d Grammar Class, L. Black, C. Boettcher, C. Priestly, W. Williamson, F. Rogers, E. Foote, F. Toolen, J. Conners, A. Backrack and Clendenin.

—The Director of the Historical Department returns thanks for the following contributions: to Mrs. J. B. Steadman for a portrait and autograph letter of the late Major General Steadman; to W. J. Onahan, LL. D., for Memorial Volume of the Municipal Politics of Chicago, and two bank bills; to Mrs. Joseph S. Norris, of Bay City, Mich., for a curious old German book on oaths, printed in 1697; to Rev. Father Czysewski for a silver coin bearing the effigy of St. Casimir; to Father Fallize for a silver German coin; to Archbishop Riordan for document written and signed by Father Junipero Serra, and portrait of Father Salva Tierra, S. J., Apostle of Lower California; to Mgr. Seton for portrait of General Jos. Warren Revere, U. S. A.; several letters written by Rev. Father Grassi, S. J., of Georgetown College, presented by R. S.

—Accessions to the Bishops' Memorial Hall:—Life-size bust portrait in oil, painted by Machen; autograph of St. Alphonsus Maria de Liguorio, Bishop and Confessor, with an authentication, written and signed by John N. Neuman, Bishop of Philadelphia—this interesting document was given by Bishop Neuman to Mrs. Julius C. Smalley, from whom it has been received through the Editor of *The Ave Maria*. Letter of Bishop Flaget—in which he speaks of the erection of his Cathedral at Bardstown, and asks the students of Mt. St. Mary's to assist in defraying the expenses—presented by J. O'C. Gold mitre, richly embroidered with silver bullion, calotte, photograph and autograph of Rt. Rev. Bishop Lynch, of Charleston, presented by Rev. Mother Baptista. Three autograph letters of Rt. Rev. Bishop England, of Charleston, presented by Miss Jeannie England. Three sermons by Rt. Rev. Bishop Rosecrans, of Columbus; steel engraving of Bishop Rosecrans, presented by T. Miller. Souvenir of Cardinal Gibbons; old mitre used by the early Archbishops of Baltimore, presented by Mr. M. Connor. Article relating to his tour in America, presented by Rt. Rev. Mgr. Straniero. Thirty-three autograph letters of American Bishops, presented by Rev. J. Quinlan. Two recent photographs of Archbishop Ryan, presented by M. Brennan. Newspaper clippings concerning Archbishop Carroll and Cardinal Gibbons, presented by Miss R. Carroll. Mitre used by Bishop Dubourg, of New Orleans, presented by S. G. S. Life and portrait of Bishop Quarter, first Bishop of Chicago, presented by Dr. Cassidy.

—Students and citizens crowded Indiana University chapel, at Bloomington, Ind., Sunday afternoon, to hear the Rev. Father Zahm, of Notre Dame University, deliver his celebrated lecture on "The Catholic Church and Modern Science." He was complimented with the largest audience that has gathered at the chapel since the commencement of 1886. Father Zahm was the first Catholic clergyman that ever appeared upon the university rostrum, on Sunday, to deliver an address, in the history of the university, which covers nearly sixty years; so, naturally, some were present through curiosity, but generally to hear the distinguished speaker. As introductory, Father Zahm stated that, though he had a lecture prepared for a Catholic audience, yet he was sure Christians of every denomination could endorse what he would say. The Church and true science were not in opposition, but science was the handmaid of religion. By this he did not mean to include a great many points advocated in science on which there was a greater diversity of opinion between various scientific men than there was between the Church and science. He said that in all the history of the Catholic Church, for nineteen centuries past, there was not a written law of the Church that in any way opposed any well-established theory of science, and he defied proof to the contrary. He thought this remarkable, in one instance especially, and that was the relation of the earth and the sun, that was for so long a time regarded as directly opposite to what long-established rules now prove. Yet the Fathers had left not a written word that committed the Church to the first theory. Father Zahm spoke of the three divisions of scientific men: the atheistic, the agnostic, and he who believed in a personal God; the first two, of course, were entirely incompatible with the belief of the Church, and no Catholic could subscribe to such views, as the first Article of the Creed asserted that God was the Creator of all things. He closed by stating that the great conflict was not between religion and science, but was one between scientists; and that scientific men of every kind should be slow to doubt the true religion, when they are unable to agree among themselves in almost, if not every instance, where the Church was apparently at variance with established scientific theories.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

#### Roll of Honor.

[The following list includes the names of those students whose conduct during the past week has given entire satisfaction to the Faculty.]

##### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Archambeault, Ashton, Aubrey, Becerra, Birmingham, Burke, Baca, Barnes, Bolton, Bush, Barrett, Colina, Craig, W. Cartier, Craft, Cassidy, Devlin, Dreever, Dwyer, Dierdorff, Duffield, Eyanson, Ensor, Finckh, Ford, Fry, Grever, Gallardo, Gibbs, Griffin, Houck, Hummer, Haggerty, Henry, Judie, Jeffs, Kleiber, Kendall, Kreutzer, Kelly, Ley, J. Langan, Lyons, Long, Luther, T. McDermott, J. McDermott, McAlister, Murphy, McGinnis, Mulkern, V. Morrison, J. Meagher, L. Meagher, Myers, Murnan, Noonan, Neill, Newton, Nelson, Nester, O'Rourke, O'Regan, O'Donnell, O'Connell, O'Kane, L. O'Malley, J. O'Malley, Pa-

dilla, P. Prudhomme, E. Prudhomme, Paschel, Prichard, Quill, Rheinberger, Rother, Rodriguez, Regan, Rochford, Suing, W. Sullivan, O. Sullivan, Shields, Strasser, Triplett, Wilson, M. White, Wagoner, W. Williams, W. White, J. Waixel, Yetzer, Zeitler.

##### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adelsperger, Austin, Anderson, R. Bronson, H. Bronson, Blessington, Bodley, Badger, Bunker, Bull, W. Boland, H. Boland, Baca, Benner, Burns, Bramink, Berry, S. Campbell, J. Clarke, Cleveland, Carney, Cavanagh, Clifford, Cobbs, Coad, F. Chute, L. Chute, Cartier, G. Cooke, T. Darragh, Duffield, Devine, J. Doss, E. Doss, Draper, Dempsey, E. Darragh, Dunford, Ewing, Fitzharris, Falter, F. Flynn, J. Flynn, Figge, Flood, Fisher, Galarneau, Goebel, Garber, Glenn, Hoffman, Henry, Houlihan, Hart, T. Hake, A. Hake, Hayes, Hampton, Hoye, Heineman, Hanley, Hustis, Inks, Jacobs Julian, Kerlin, F. Konzen, W. Konzen, Kern, Kahn, Kellner, Kutsche, Keating, Long, Lane, W. McKenzie, M. McCart, J. McCormick, McGurk, J. McIntosh, McNulty, McGuire, L. Monarch, E. Mathewson, Morgan, Macatee, Mulburger, Moncada, Morrison, Meehan, Mitchell, McDonald, Nations, Noud, O'Connor, Ormond, O'Brien, M. O'Kane, B. O'Kane, O'Shea, Preston, C. Paquette, L. Paquette, Roper, Redlich, Reynolds, Rosenthal, Sullivan, Sweet, B. Stephens, D. Stephens, Senn, Steele, M. Smith, Stanton, Tewksbury, Vhay, Warner, Wilkin, White, Wagoner, Walker, Walsh, Weldon, Wade, Wageman.

##### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, Boyd, Bloomhuff, Blumenthal, C. Boettcher, Black, A. Backrack, H. Backrack, S. Backrack, Clendenin, Crotty, W. Connor, Corbett, C. Connor, Cooke, J. Conners, E. Conners, Davidson, Doss, J. Dungan, Jas. Dungan, L. Dempsey, J. Dempsey, Foote, T. Falvey, F. Falvey, E. Falvey, G. Franche, C. Franche, Grant, Goldmann, Garber, Griffin, Graham, H. Huiskamp, J. Huiskamp, Haney, Jewett, Keefe, Kane, Klaner, Kraber, Kerwin, Löwenstein, Lane, Lewin, McIntosh, McDonnell, Martin, L. Mayer, C. Mooney, Mahon, H. Mooney, Munro, A. Mayer, G. Mayer, McPhee, Mason, A. Morgenweck, Mainzer, Nester, O'Mara, O'Neill, Paul, Priestly, Quill, Riordan, Rowsey, Rogers, Savage, Sweet, Smith, J. Sullivan, F. Sullivan, Stone, A. Sullivan, F. Toolen, F. Toolen, Tompkins, Triplett, Taft, Weckler, A. Williamson, W. Williamson, Witkowsky.

#### Class Honors.

[In the following list may be found the names of those students who have given entire satisfaction in all their classes during the month past.]

##### COLLEGIATE COURSE.

J. Kleiber, H. McKlveen, C. Neill, C. Rheinberger, J. Wagoner, C. Stubbs, A. Larkin, G. Craig, P. Brownson, J. Gallardo, P. Burke, A. Finckh, G. Houck, C. Hagerty, F. Baca, W. Cartier, R. Newton, M. Mulkern, A. Cooper, V. Morrison, W. O'Connell, D. Latshaw, P. Nelson, J. Meagher, P. Newell, E. Dwyer, G. Dreever, E. Devlin, A. Ensor, E. Adelsperger, M. Falter, P. Wagoner, E. Ewing, T. Goebel, L. Chute, C. West, M. Luther, J. Fisher, G. Meyers, W. Morrison, E. Darragh, F. Long.

THE expressions used by some boys and girls, if written as pronounced, would look like a foreign language. Specimens of boys' conversation like the following may be called short-hand talking; "Warejego lasnight?" "Hadder skate." "Jerfind the ice hard'ngood?" "Yes, hard'nough." "Jer goerlone?" "No, Bill'n Joe wenterlong." "How-late jerstay?" "Pastate." "Lemmeknow wenyergoin, woncher? I wanter go'nshowyer howto skate." "H—m! ficoodn' skate better'n you, I'd sell out 'nquit." "Well, we'll tryerace 'nseefyer-can."—*Chamber's Journal*.

## Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The examinations in music commenced on Tuesday.

—The classes in Theoretical Music were examined on Saturday afternoon.

—Alison's Miscellaneous Essays are engaging the attention of St. Teresa's Literary Society at present.

—The beautiful hanging lamp, suspended in the Community chapel during the holidays, is the gift of St. Mary's old and esteemed friend, Mr. Jacob Wile, of Laporte, to whom grateful acknowledgments are extended.

—Alice Bridgman drew the Roman mosaic cross, but gave up her claim in favor of Hannah Stumer. The Misses T. Balch, Beaubien, Boyer, Bragdon, J. Fisher, K. Fisher, Keoster, McDonnell, Prudhomme and Stapleton drew with them.

—At the regular Academic reunion, Miss Hannah Rose read one of Longfellow's beautiful poems, and Miss Helena Clendenen read the article, in last week's SCHOLASTIC, relative to Cardinal Manning's opinion respecting the classics.

—To the great delight of the members of the Graduating Class, the Geological Charts compiled by them, and lately sent to the *Tribune* Office, in South Bend, for binding, have been returned. They are exchanging congratulations on this important step towards the completion of their scholastic career.

—Among the visitors during the week were: Mrs. M. Stumer, Mr. A. McEwen, Mr. M. P. Quill, Mrs. A. Becker, Mr. W. Leitch, Miss L. Haas, Miss H. Miner, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. J. O'Connor, Lima, O.; Mrs. W. J. McCormic, Missoula, Montana; Mr. and Mrs. M. Duggan, Dubuque, Iowa; Miss C. Korn, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. M. Griffin, Elkhart, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Bramick, Mr. E. J. Bramick, Kansas City, Mo.; Miss M. Hawkins, Lafayette, Ind.

—The following letter, dated Woodstock, Ill., Jan. 14, was received by the Directress of the Musical Department:

"Your kind and welcome letter was received yesterday, and read with much pleasure. I have only time now to say a few words papa wishes me to. The Techniphone was ordered to be sent to you on Monday, express charges prepaid. It is warranted perfect in every regard—7½ octaves. Should you find any defects, you will confer a great favor by informing papa immediately. With much love, etc.

"MARY F. MURPHY."

The warmest thanks are extended to their kind benefactors from the Conservatory of Music.

—The Octave of the Epiphany was the last day on which the "Bethlehem," in the chapel of St. Mary's, was adorned by the figures representing the holy Magi and their retinue, prostrated in adoration before the Infant Redeemer of the world. To the pious heart, there is a sense of loneliness, in finding these figures missing, for it

recalls the fact that the month of the Holy Infancy is fast speeding away. The youthful hearts who have daily gathered before the humble Manger, have, however, imbibed the sacred lesson, and the beautiful history has been deeply engraven on their memories and in their affections.

—The Junior department is unusually flourishing this year, there being a large number of bright, intelligent members, inspired with a generous emulation to render the year 1887 memorable in the annals of their department. The opening of the session, so near at hand, will furnish a most favorable opportunity for them to manifest their love of their department, and their determination to see it distinguished, not only in numbers and talent, but in every trait which is to be commended in young girls of their age and of their superior advantages. What patriotism is to the citizen, or filial and domestic affection is to the home circle, *esprit de corps* is to an educational institution, or department. A generous young person regards the honor of her class, or her associates, as her own.

### Had We Known.

Could regrets but restore to us the misspent hours of the past, and could we be assured that the lessons of experience would bring amendment in their path, how few there are who would not joyfully live their lives over again! Moments of happiness may well be designated as golden, though this alone can be applied to time passed in rational and exalting satisfaction. Hours devoted to so-called pleasure, bright and attractive though they may seem, glitter with tinsel which corrodes at last, and which poisons the atmosphere of memory.

"I asked an aged man—a man of cares,  
Wrinkled and curved, and white with hoary hairs—  
I asked him 'what is time?'  
'Time is the warp of life,' he said; 'O, tell  
The young, the brave, the fair, to weave it well!'"

Alas! how often regret fills in the wondrous web of life! Perhaps this is seldom more clearly attested than in the career of the student. Few are conscious of the close application necessary on the part of the learner in the acquisition of knowledge. Only in after years are we brought to realize the precious opportunities that we have permitted to pass unimproved.

Over and over again does retrospection repeat the sad story which, unfortunately, is lightly heeded by many who might profit of the recital. "Had we known!" We sigh when it is beyond our power to remedy the past. The old adage, however, declares that "it is never too late to mend"; but in the case under review, the wasted years often bear away with them the quickness of perception, the energy, the ambition given us to employ in our youth, and which, *had we but known*, would have crowned every day with a noble success. Had we trusted our best friends and despised the voice of self-indulgence, how many in-

tellectual treasures, priceless in value, and which, alas! are beyond our reach, would now be in our possession!

"Had we known" that restrictions were salutary and that waywardness was folly, we would have been more wise. In view of these considerations how beautiful obedience and docility appear! When we see their reward, we understand their worth; and with all our hearts admire those who accept the happy restraints which exclude distractions from the mind and diversions from the heart.

We trust to the truth of the adage we have quoted, and believing that, though many have done well, yet few have done their best, at the close of the first session of the scholastic year and on the eve of the opening of the second, we form the resolution to begin anew with earnest application, and to do now as we would have done long ago "had we known" the mine of wealth laid open before us ready to enrich us with its treasures, had we but earnestly set to work to gather them into our mental storehouse.

What an exhilaration thrills the pulses when we once take an earnest, noble resolution! May this not be the famous draught of nectar that inspired the classic writers of ancient Greece and Rome? Be this as it may, it is the daily mental draught which every votary of study should receive, no matter what the sluggish inclination to repose may tempt us to do; and then appreciation of advantages, and the laudable ambition to fulfil the highest hopes of beloved parents and friends will take the place of languor and disgust.

To some ours may appear a threadbare theme, but never can the thoughts become too familiar with what so closely concerns the happiness of those who are garnering the harvest of wisdom which is to be their support throughout the entire course of their future life; never can they too carefully con the useful lesson that the experience of those who have passed over the ground upon which they are now walking is a much safer guide than their own unschooled feelings.

"I do not *feel* like it," seems to be the unanswerable argument with the young person who has been so indulged that her inclinations are the mercury of her educational thermometer. This young person is not half so much to be commiserated as is the poor parent, or guardian, who has resisted his or her *feeling*, and, simply for the child's benefit, has consented to the expense, and, far more important and painful, to the anxiety and distress consequent on separation from a dear child, for the sake of giving her every advantage that will fit her to become an honorable member of society.

"Feeling"—that is to say, inclination—has very little to do with principle. Ten to one, it is directly opposed to our best interests. We should take the resolution not to be guided by *our feelings*. Regret may form the woof of life's fabric; but, unable to unravel the tangled and reproachful web, we may, by our future earnest efforts, embroider the offensive tissue with the beautiful flowers of restitution and of loving diligence; of affection and obedience; and, after all, we may regain our forfeited

right to the confidence of those who have made so many loving sacrifices for our sakes.

"Had we known!"—Those words speak volumes. Too often they are uttered when the desire to repair our loss is too late. Fortunately, to the young, they are but the pass-word to the promising realms of improvement and of true success.

ADA SHEPHARD (Class '87).

### Roll of Honor.

#### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

*Par Excellence*—Misses Brady, Blair, Brophy, Blacklock, Beschameng, Clifford, E. Coll, Dillon, A. Duffield, C. Dempsey, E. Dempsey, Dart, E. Dunkin, M. Dunkin, Egan, Fuller, Faxon, Flannery, Fravel, Griffith, Gordon, Griffin, Horn, Hummer, Heckard, Hertzog, Harlem, Kearsey, Kearney, Kearns, Larkin, McHale, L. Meehan, M. McNamara, Marsh, Moore, McCarthy, Moran, Nester, Negley, Pierson, G. Regan, Rend, E. Regan, Scully, St. Clair, Shephard, Snowhook, Stadtler, Sterns, M. Smith, Swegman, Stocksdale, Trask, Triplett, Van Horn, Williams, Wolvin, Zahm.

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

*Par Excellence*—Misses T. Balch, Beaubien, Boyer, Bragdon, Bridgman, J. Fisher, K. Fisher, Hake, Hughes, Koester, McDonnell, Prudhomme, Stumer, Stapleton.

#### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

*Par Excellence*—Misses I. Becker, M. Becker, Caddagan, McCormic, O'Mara, Pugsley, Quealey.

### Class Honors.

#### LANGUAGE COURSE.

##### LATIN.

Misses Clendenen, Trask.

##### GERMAN.

1ST CLASS—Miss E. Horn.

2D CLASS—Misses Kearney, Clendenen, Trask.

3D CLASS—Misses Hummer, Blair, Moore, Hinz, Knauer.

4TH CLASS—Misses M. Smith, Desenberg, Huntting, Rose, E. Balch, Allnoch, Quealey, Stearns, Dart.

5TH CLASS—Misses Wimer, Stocksdale, Quill, R. Smith, Thompson, Caddagan, Sweet.

#### SCHOOL OF DESIGN.

##### HONORABLY MENTIONED.

##### DRAWING FROM THE CAST

1ST CLASS, ADVANCED COURSE—Miss Ewing.

2D CLASS, WORKING IN CRAYON—Miss Brophy.

##### ELEMENTARY PERSPECTIVE.

3D CLASS—Misses Zahm, Barry, O'Connor.

##### PAINTING IN WATER-COLORS.

Misses Fuller, Egan, Rose, Coll, Mason, Kennedy, Triplett, Pierson, Schmauss, Steele.

##### PAINTING ON CHINA.

Miss Williams.

##### OIL-PAINTING.

Misses Ewing, Foin, Kingsbury, Stadtler, Scully, Duffield, Kearney, McHale, Meehan, Stafford, Larkin, Koester, Hull, Beaubien, L. Nester, Gordon.

#### GENERAL DRAWING.

##### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Smith, Egan, Proby, L. Meehan, Moore, McCormic, Miner, Marsh, Thompson, Wimer, Cogliin, Johnson, Negley.

##### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Beaubien, Bruus, I. Becker, M. Becker, A. Crane, M. Coll, Caddagan, Cook, Campbell, Dempsey, Garrity, Huntting, Hull, Hake, Hinz, Knauer, Kennedy, Leonard, Lindsey, McCormic, McDonnell, Qualey, Rhodes, Rodgers, Stapleton, Schmauss, Wallace, Quill, Fritz.